

# Ancient, From Behind Comes The Sword

The final traces of the sun have been eradicated  
as the earth has seen the coming  
of our black domain  
The lands are shrouded by the lunar shine  
that now will be perpetual successor  
of the radiance of the past  
The world turns to black  
Our army stands tall  
Disposed to seat  
Our final attack  
Pathetic fear and apprehension fill  
the hearts of the  
feeble lambs once shielded by their decrepit reuge  
Their wretched shepherd has been devoured  
by the savage wolves and  
Now they realize their scoffing destiny has come  
The world turns to black  
Our army stands tall  
Disposed to set  
Our final attack  
&quot;I, the Svartalv, Supreme Female  
Feel shame for your pityful human form  
May your soul be purified  
By my Deadly kiss of death!&quot;;  
The world turns to black  
Our army stands tall  
In fury and hate  
From behind comes the sword!